STRANGE STORY OF A DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

The cathedral town of Mudcastle was stirred to its lowest depths, and in high places there were mourning and lamentation and woe. People spoke in whispers and went about softly with sorrow-stricken faces. The very bells—and there were a good many of them—seemed to have lost their offensive hilarity. For the dean's daughter had gone on the stage, and the shadow of her unholiness had fallen upon the city.

To the cathedral society, in which she had moved with so much sweetness and success, the stage was only another name for the lower regions. It is true that the lyceum was sometimes patronized under protest during the May meetings, and it was whispered that one giddy young minor canon had been seen in the Savoy—a rumor that nearly caused an action for libel; but the ordinary worldly theatre, where people went rather for amusement than instruction, and where actresses occasionally showed more than their ankles, could not even be mentioned without offense.

And now the daughter of the dean, their brightest ecclesiasticism and learning, had left the fold of sanctity where she had so long been nurtured, and burst forth as a burlesque actress in London. A burless actress, ye shades of St. Peter! Not a walking lady in a modern drama, but a lieutenant in tights. What wonder that Mudcastle bowed its head and blushed with shame.

Yet it would be unjust to say that every one in the town was prostrated with grief. The minor canons, indeed, who, confident in their £200 a year and sing-song voices, had regarded themselves as possible suitors for her hand, went about with longer faces than usual. But the young ladies of the place were filled with a secret joy, and began to show redoubled attention to good works and their personal appearances, for Elsie Milton, the most beautiful girl in the town and perhaps in the county, was out of their way, and the hope of their earthly reward shone more brigl tly on the horizon.

On one point, however, everyone in Mudcastle was agreed. Her conduct was both inexplicable and disgraceful. We, of the outside world, the outer darkness Mudcastle might call it, may have our doubts about the disgrace, but we are obliged to admit that she had acted in a very extraordinary manner.

For an explanation let us return to Elsie herself. She is in her dressing room of the Jollity Theatre, putting the last touches to her personal appearance and talking to her friend, Lottie Legge, the skirt dancer. The room is half filled with sprays and bouquets of the rarest flowers. One or two open jewel cases with cards inside flash like rainbows in the electric light. But more lovely than flower or jewel case is the girl who is standing before the pier glass, softening the effect of the paint on her face with powder, and arranging her sword to the utmost artistic advantage. Her figure is magnificent and is shown to perfection by her costume. Her violet eyes and dark auburn hair produce that wonderful effect which is so rarely seen, but once seen is never forgotten; and even the paint and powder cannot take away the sweetness and refinement of that marvellous oval face, or the expression of that wonderful mouth. Though her part in the burlesque is only a subordinate one, all London is raving over her, and the manager has had to raise her salary to that of a bishop to retain her. Night after night bouquets and jewelry are throw at her feet. Night after night notes are brought to her dressing room, only to be tossed contemptuously aside. Invitations pour upon her from every quarter. They are all refused. No breath of suspicion has ever been allowed to rest upon her name. The flowers are not worn, the jewelry is returned. They call her the "Queen of Snow," yet no one who ever looked upon her face could doubt that though she might be pure as snow, she was as passionate and perhaps as mischievous as fire. Her acting is indifferent, her dancing more natural than skillful, her singing remarkable for nothing but expression. Her triumph has been entirely the triumph of beauty. There have been many such in these days.

"This, this is life, Lottie," she said, turning from her glass to her companion. "You, to whom I have told my story to-night, have no idea what it is to breathe the fresh air after the stuffiness of Mudcastle."

"It must have been a bit slow, dear," replied Lottie, doing up one of her shoes, "but still, girls of your position don't throw it up without a very good reason. It's different with me. I never was anybody, and I have my living to earn."

"Position? Rubbish. I am being paid twice the salary my father receives; and if popularity is fame, he isn't in it with me. For one who has heard of him, a hundred know my name. As for my reason, the fact is, I could not stand it any longer."

"Were you unhappy, Elsie? The home you have described to me must have been very beautiful."

"Unhappy? I was miserable. To be penned up in that little narrow ecclesiastical world, from which the faintest breath of life is kept lest it should contaminate it, is a living death. You, who have lived in London all your life have no idea what Mudcastle is, what Mudcastle society thinks and talks about. You would laugh, Lottie, if you could see the dignitaries of the church. Their dignity consists largely in the size of their persons and the slowness of their speech. The poor curate, slaving in his populous parish, has more true dignity about him than the whole lot put together. He is at least a man doing a man's work. And then, the minor canons, dear! Perhaps you don't know what they are. They are a sort of cathedral curate with nothing to do but to sing and talk to ladies. They all wanted to marry me. Of course, now I have disgraced myself, they would not dream of it. They would look down upon a poor play actress, who earns their annual income in a fortnight, and who has had half an aristocracy of London at her feet. And then conversations at dinners and 'at homes;' my father's sermons; who will get the bishopric of Rodney; the singing of the new minor canon; missionary progress in Timbuctoo; the last new theological work, and all the cathedral shop you can imagine. Is it surprising that I wanted to escape and see the world?"

Lottie laughed. "You are very bitter," she said. "Are you sure you have no other reasons beside being bored?"

Elsie turned a sharp glance upon her companion. "What do you mean? Do you not think that is a sufficient one?"

"Oh, yes, dear, amply sufficient; but still——"

"Still what?"

"There are other reasons you know, why girls go on the stage," and she laughed slyly.

Elsie turned away from her contemptuously, and began to open some notes that were lying on the table, and fling them one by one into the waste-paper basket.

"The same old thing, Elsie, I suppose," Lottie said in tone of envy. "I wonder people don't get tired of sending them. And as for the flowers, I call it a sinful waste not to wear them. I wish I could get a quarter of the number."

"Yes, the same old thing, Lottie," she said, almost wearily; and then, as she took up a note and opened it, a dream of triumph came into her eyes, and her whole face was lit up with a smile. She threw the rest of the notes unopened into the basket, and read this one again and again. It was as follows:

"My dear Miss Milton: Well, of all the * * * I came up to town last night, and, hearing of the attraction of London, came to the Jollity. Like every one else, I have fallen a victim. I hear that you never wear the flowers that are sent you, but perhaps you will make an exception in favor of an old friend. May I see you after the performance and tell you the Mudcastle news? I will take your wearing the flowes as 'Yes.' Yours sincerely, B."

That night Elsie Milton wore flowers for the first time on the stage, and the whole house burned with a desire to know who was the lucky man that had given them to her.

Three months after all Mudcastle was intoxicated with the excitement of an enormous bazar. For weeks the cathedral ladies had been working at impossible articles of apparel and decoration. Gum, cardboard and silk were scarcely procurable, so large had been the demand on these indispensible commodities. Flags had been gathered from the four quarters of the globe to represent every nation and proclaim the world-wide importance of the undertaking. The mind of the ecclesiastical female ran riot in the wickedness of fancy dress designs. For this was to be no ordinary sale of work, but a gigantic fraud for the cathedral restoration fund, and every woman had to be sufficiently bewitching to snare the gold of unweary and susceptible man.

The Duchess of Manborough had been asked to open it. She said she greatly regretted her inability to attend, but that they had given up their house for a time to their son, the young Marquis of Beaucaster, who had just been married and wished to spend part of his honeymoon there. She was, however, sure that the young Marchioness, though she only arrived the day before the bazar, would be charmed to take her place.

The cathedral authorities were delighted. A marchioness is not as good as a duchess, it is true, but still it is the next best thing, and so all Mudcastle was on fete to make the most of its opportunities.

At last the supreme moment has come. The town hall is filled with black coats and respectability. The bishop's wife glows in gorgeous purple and fine linen. The canons are whispering in clerical undertones. The canons' daughters are looking at themselves in mirrors, putting the final touches to the stalls, and chattering like magpies.

"Do you remember last bazar?" says one of them. "Poor Elsie Milton was at our stall." They always called her "poor" now, as if she were dead.

There was a stir at the door, and a murmur ran through the room. The people fell back respectully, and the bishop's wife sailed down the channel made for her to welcome the honored arrivals. She knew Lord Beaucaster, and made for him. He felt inclined to escape, but they had shut the door behind him, so he was obliged to stand his ground.

"Delighted to see you again, Mrs. Charlton," he said with a slight bow. "May I introduce you to my wife?"

The eyes of all the room was turned to see the new bride and future Duchess of Manborough. For a moment they stared in wonder at the lovely woman before them. Then a cry of amazement broke from their lips. For there, with face more beautiful than ever, and a figure clothed with one of Worth's most magnificent creations, stood the despised outcast, Elsie Milton!

The bishop's wife was dumbfounded. Her remarks on the conduct of the dean's daughter had outvied every one's in bitterness, and now she looked as though Lady Beaucaster had been listening to her all the time. She got very red and mumbled something. Elsie smiled at her confusion for two or three seconds—no woman can entirely forbear her revenge—and then said: "I'm sure you needn't introduce us, Charlie. We are old friends." And, moving forward, she kissed Mrs. Charlton's ponderous cheek with that grace and sweetness which had brought the world to her feet.

This was a signal for a universal rush. All her old friends crowded around her with inquiries and congratulations. I they hoped to be kissed by a marchioness, they were disappointed. Elsie intended that one kiss to the head of the female ecclesiastical world to embrace all cathedral society. It was meant for the reconciliation of the church and the stage.

That afternoon the dean was sitting alone in his study, when the door opened and a well-known voice cried: "May I come in, father?"

He dropped the pen with which he had been writing, and rose to his feet. Before he could speak Elsie had flung herself upon him like an avalanche and smothered him with kisses.

"I have come to be forgiven, father. I have left the stage."

"My dear child," he said, kissing her tenderly, "my dear child, I have suffered much pain, but the pleasure of your return blots out all the past. I forgave you long ago."

"You dear old father; I am sure you only thought me mad, and not wicked, like other people did. But what do you think brings me here to-day?"

"To see me, Elsie! Haven't you returned home for good?"

"No, father. I shall not be very far off from you, though. I—I am married. I came here to-day to open the bazar."

"To open the bazar, Elsie! Are you, my little madcap Elsie, the new Lady Beaucaster?"

"Her ladyship stands before you. And that's why—that's the explanation of it all, father."

The dean looked mystified, so she continued.

"You know Charlie, don't you? He's a dear, good boy, but too fond of actresses I—I think he always liked me a bit, but we poor girls have no chance against stage beauties. The young men of the present day like something lively. Wild horses would not have dragged Charlie into cathedral society. But I wasn't going to lose him. I think I have gotten even with the 'Beauties of the English Stage,' eh, father?"

The dean smiled at her worldliness. He was not sure that he wasn't a bit wordly himself. He had been buried so long in the mustiness of Mudcastle that perhaps he, too, would have liked to see life.

"You were the beauty of the English stage," he said, slyly, and not without pride, for he was still a man.

"I am now going to be a beauty of the English church—first in the series of the illustrated papers. I returned to the old life ot-day; for, though the stage gave me a husband, it was the church that married us."

Lady Beaucaster is the patron saint of all bazars, and even acts for charities. She does not, however, appear in the character that made her famous.—From London Truth.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

Drinks properly prepared are quite as impotant to the sick room as food.

Especially during the summer season, and when suffering from febrile conditions, will the value and advantages of cooling and refrigerant drinks be appreciated, while mucilaginous demulcent fluids will be found soothing to irritable diseases of the alimentary canal and pulmonary and urinary systems.

Imperial drink.—Dissolve from two to three drachms of cream of tartar in one quart of boiling water, add the juice of one lemon and a little lemon peel and sweeten with sugar. When cold it may be taken freely as a cooling drink and diuretic. A valuable drink in threatened sunstroke and passive congestion of the brain.

Lemonade.—Pare thinly the rind of a lemon and cut the rind into slices. Put the peel and sliced lemon into a jug with an ounce of white sugar and pour over them one pint of boiling water. Cover the jug closely and digest until cold. Strain or percolate the liquid. Citron may be used instead of lemon and likewise furnishes a grateful and refreshing beverage.

Milk lemonade.—Sugar 1 1-2 pounds, dissolve in a quart of boiling water, together with a half pint of lemon juice and 1 1-2 pints of milk. This makes a cooling, agreeable, nourishing beverage.

Linseed tea.—Place in a jug one ounce of bruised linseed, two drachms of bruised licorice root, half ounce of white sugar and two tablespoonsful of lemon juice and pour over them one pint of boiling water. Cover lightly and digest for three or four hours near a fire. Strain through linen before using. This makes a mucilaginous liquid possessing demulcent properties and of special value in bronchial and urinary affections.

Barley water with white of an egg.—Take a tablespoonful of coarse barley and wash well with cold water, rejecting the washings. Then boil for an hour or more with a pint and a half of clean water in a covered vessel or saucepan. Add a pinch of salt, enough sugar to render it palatable and strain. To four or six ounces of barley water thus prepared add the white of an egg. The value of this preparation in gastro-intestinal inflammation and irritation is not easily overestimated. In the entero colitis of very young infants its exclusive administration for thirty-six or forty-eight hours will often relieve when all other measures have failed.

When a patient cannot be raised from the bed without risk of exhaustion, a medicine tube or crockery fender should be used, but the same appliance, or even one of the same appearance, should not be used for administering both food and medicine. The patient's mouth should be kept clean and fresh, as should also all external surroundings.—Boston Journal.

HOW TO KEEP WATER COOL ECONOMICALLY.

"This may be as old as the hills and the forests primeval, and all that sort of thing," said Mr. Goslington, "but it wasn't to me, and that was an economical way of keeping drinking water cold without using up the ice in the refrigerator. It is rather a slow way of cooling the water—it takes three or four hours to cool a quart bottle thoroughly; but by keeping two for three bottles on the ice all the time, and putting in a new bottle whenever one is emptied, it is easy to keep on hand a supply of cool water."—New York Sun.

BIG THINGS AND LITTLE THINGS.

"Sometimes we hear it said of big men," said Mr. Billtops, "that they are so thoroughly familiar with the work under their control that there is no part of it which they could not themselves perform; but it does not necessarily follow that a man who can't do a little thing well can't do big things. I dare say, for instance, that there are men who could lay out a railroad who couldn't drive a spike."—New York Sun.

For peach crates go to Catogni Bros.

BRYAN AND THE A. P. A.

Whatever else may be said of Mr. Bryan, no one can deny that he is frank, and people who are trying to make up their minds about candidates have no difficulty in satisfying themselves as to where he stands. He is neither uncertain, evasive, nor diplomatic; he answers plain questions in a candid way and uses language which no one can misunderstand.

And in all this, it is needless to say, he differs very much from Mr. McKinley, concerning whose opinions on any subject there is absolute darkness. Even while he figures as the candidate of the gold party, it is not at all positive that he in not for silver in his heart; in fact, judged by his former utterances, he can hardly be considered otherwise. At present he is simply trying to adapt himself to circumstances, and may be expected to go further and further away from his old position as pressure compels.

With this, however, we have nothing to do at present; we only desire to point out the difference between the attitude of Mr. Bryan and that of Mr. McKinley on the subject of religious toleration. The following is taken from a dispatch to the Philadelphia Press sent by its correspondent, Edgar J. Gibson:

Mr. Bryan was asked if he would set at rest once and for all the rumors that he was a member of the A. P. A., or of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics.

"I have heard such rumors," Mr. Bryan replied. "I have refused to be interviewed on that and other questions because reporters do not report me correctly, and I will be heard on all those questions shortly in public speeches."

"The people in Kansas City are anxious to know about it," he was told. Mr. Bryan looked out of the car window a moment and replied:

"I am not a member of the A. P. A., nor never was a member. You can say that positively."

"Are you a member of the Junior Order?"

"I am not, nor never was. I am not a member of any organization or society that links religion with politics in any way."

Again in one of his numerous speeches, which he delivered during his homeward journey from Chicago, Mr. Bryan said in reference to the principles enunciated in the platform of the Democratic convention:

"It is not the platform of a section. It is the platform of our common country, and appeals to those who love mankind to arise in its defense.

"It breathes the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. It presents those fundamental truths upon which all true government must rest. You will find in it as its keynote that all men are created equal and that the object of government is to secure to the individual his inalienable rights and protect each man, from the humblest to the greatest, in the enjoyment of life and liberty and happiness (Enthusiastic applause.) It proclaims the doctrine of civil liberty, and with no less emphasis it declares the right of every man to worship his Creator according to the dictates of his conscience. (Cheering for three minutes.) It pledges the party to protection, without regard to station or condition in society, and it pledges the party to be no respector of persons, and leaving to the people the judgment of the manner, form and time when they shall worship, or, if they please, refuse to worship the God who gave them being. It is Democratic from the first sentence to the last in that broader sense in which Democracy appeals to all who believe in a government 'of the people, by the people and for the people.'" (Applause.)

How different this from the course of Mr. McKinley, who had not the courage to say a word as to whether he was in favor of religious toleration or not, but who, in effect, allowed the A. P. A. to speak for him, and their pronouncement was, of course, unfavorable. The mystery of the reported interview of the A. P. A. committee with Mr. McKinley has never yet been cleared up. It will be remembered that the committee, which was sent to him, and to discover, if possible, his views, returned, saying that he was "all right," and indorsed the A. P. A. platform; and this declaration he has never to this day contraglicted.

Where he really stands on the subject is, therefore, still a mystery, so far as his own authority in concerned, for he has not said a word. Evidently he has been afraid to speak for fear of losing a few votes. Yet as the A. P. A. is now almost a dead issue, having ceased to cut any important figure in public affais, it would not be surprising to find McKinley presently coming forth opposed to the A. P. A. all along. Seeing how rapidly his opponent is gaining, Catholic, as well as other adherents, it would be quite in keeping with McKinley's expediency to endeavor to frustrate his advancement by giving forth this declaration. But he should have spoken sooner.

The American people do not like duplicity in public men, and above all, in candidates for the Presidency.—Catholic Mirror.

COLD SODA WATER.

Here is a variation of the cold soda water sign: "Soda water cold as charity."—New York Sun.

NEW CATCHER'S MASK.

May be Thrown Up and Out of the Way When Necessity Demands.

Every attendant at baseball games has noticed how much a catcher's mask is in the way when he runs to catch a foul ball. He must first throw the mask off and then run the chance of stepping on it or stumbling over it. Then, when play is over, there is a delay while he readjusts his cap and mask. A Hartford, Conn., genius has invented a mask which can be instantly thrown up and out of the way, like a visor of a helmet, and may be as readily replaced. The inventor is William Gray, who long ago conceived the idea that a mask to protect the catcher's face would be a good thing. His idea was then laughed at by all ball players and others interested in the game, so he did nothing with it. Not long after that a Harvard man invented and put on the market just such a mask. Now every catcher wears one when playing up under the bat. Some time later Mr. Gray invented and patented the catcher's pad, which is now universally used. He is also the inventor of the Gray telephone pay station.

His latest invention, the improved mask, is well protected as to patents. It is as much of an advance over the old mask as that was over no covering at all for the face. The pad frame is held firmly on the catcher's head by the usual arrangement of straps. When the catcher wants to cover his face, he lets it down and it is held in place by a spring. If a foul is popped up in the air, a touch of the hand throws the mask instantly up and back, leaving the catcher's vision free from interference. The mechanism is of the simplest kind, there being nothing to get out of order.

HOW GENERAL WASHINGTON SET A HITCHING POST.

In the village of Southport, Conn., is preserved a piece of cedar post which Washington helped to set in the ground at Farrington. The story associated with the post is told by the Rev. A. N. Lewis, in a published address:

He was out walking with his host, when he came to a man who was planting a hitching-post in the ground by the roadside. The general said:

"My friend I can show you how to set your post so that it will never rot."

Taking it in his hands, those great hands of his, he placed it upside down and held it while the man filled up the hole and "tamped" the earth around it.

It is a well known fact that a post set bottom side up in the ground will not absorb water. The sap tubes will not "draw" when the post is reversed.

SUPERFLUOUS.

The comments made on certain forms of art by the uninitiated are often original and amusing.

A New Hampshire man, who was spending the day with some city relatives at a large "show" estate in the suburbs of Boston, looked with strong disapproval at the weatherproof plaster statues which were to be seen at various points on the beautifully kept grounds.

"Five scarecrows!" he ejaculated scornfully, "five scarecrows on about two acres o' plasture land! One's a plenty!"

SERIOUS MISTAKE.

A song with the title, "There's a Sigh in the Heart," was sent by a young man to a young lady, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed:

"What unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?"

He wrote on the outside: "Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphgram."

THEY ACTED UPON INSTINCT.

According to the Green Bag, an Irish judge tells the following story of one of the juries in the south of Ireland, where he was trying a case. The usher of the court proclaimed, with due solemnity, the usual formula: "Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper places in the court!" whereupon seven of them, instinctively walked into the dock.

"VEST POCKET" SODA WATER.

A curious apparatus for making soda water at home is being shown by an English concern. The method comprises the compression of the liquid carbonic acid at sixty atmospheres into small steel pear-shaped cartridges about five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the largest part. Such a cartridge is placed in the mouthpiece attached to a soda water bottle, and a cap is closed over it. In completing the closure a tiny ebonite plug in one end of the cartridge or "gas drop" is punctured and the gas escapes into the bottle, dissolving in the water. Twelve of these drops weigh three ounces.

BUZZARD'S ON THE BAY.

A cuckoo of the legion sat lonesome on the road;
It was past the time for hatching, as the weather signals showed;
But a comrade stood beside him as his feathers blew away—
For he was born at Buzzard's—at Buzzard's on the Bay!

The lonesome cuckoo faltered as he took his comrade's hand,
And he said: "The boss' silence is hard to understand;
Is there not a word or token from the lone rock far away?
Oh, what's the news from Buzzard's—from Buzzard's on the Bay?"

And the pale moon she rose slowly, and calmly she looked down,
But she answered not the question as the wild winds passed it 'roun';
Yes, calmly on that cuckoo's nest she shed her silvery ray,
But she brought no news from Buzzard's—from Buzzard's on the Bay!

PROFESSIONAL.